

## The Pensacola Journal

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1908.

## Doctrines of Democracy

Why don't you Register and qualify to vote?

## Joe Cannon's

## Money and Methods.

With relation to the discussion of Cannon and his money and the manner of its acquisition, the Brooklyn Eagle, a republican paper, says that no matter what the size of his bank account or where he got it, Joe Cannon does not "spurge" about in tailored clothes and smoke cigars of indisputable quality. In the same connection Colonel Henry Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal, says:

"Huh! so that is all the Brooklyn Eagle knows of Mr. Cannon. Persons who have seen the speakers on the stump charging the enemy like a veteran warhorse call him plain, blunt 'Uncle Joe.' As a matter of fact, he is plain and fancy by turns. In the woods and when shelling the same, Mr. Cannon wears a 60-cent shirt and sometimes displays a dollar watch and scorns the 'tires' worn by local dignitaries who meet him and escort him to the platform and introduce him to the audience, but the operating expenses of Uncle Joe as a Washington institution are not niggardly and not negligible. And if you're asked to accept one of his cigars you are in error if you decline upon the assumption that the quality is questionable."

But, speaking seriously, the personal expenses, the tailoring of his clothes and the cost of his cigars have no more to do with the case than the flowers that bloom in the spring. Mr. Cannon, who didn't get his fortune by the crime of selling wind and ink, as he expresses it, may or may not have the \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 with which he is credited or perhaps we should say charged—but he has legislated in the interests of the autocracy and upon his record he is to be judged, rather than by the price of cigars or the dimensions of his "wad."

Joe Cannon knows more about the procuring of legislation for the interests than he does of the accumulation of money. And it is patent that so able an advocate of the moneyed interests should be given unusual opportunities for fattening his purse.

Bill Cannon, a brother of Joe, made most of the money that laid the foundation for Joe's fortune out of public utilities in Danville, while Joe was kept busy helping Bill to retain his grip.

But he doesn't have to shell the woods in the Eighteenth Illinois any more. Everybody thereabouts votes for him regularly, caring not a tinker's damn whether he buys his clothes in Washington or London. And they know he buys his cigars at Meitler's down on Vermillion street.

The Pensacola Journal claims that it is willing to submit the good looks of the red-shipped girls of Pensacola to arbitration. Now, that is Apalachicola's "long suit," and if arbitration is to rule, our red-headed be-dimpled hobes will win the day. Put us down on the side of arbitration.—Apalachicola Times.

True enough. But we didn't contemplate arbitration of the relative merits of our girls and Brother Johnson's hobes, nor Jacksonville's merry widows. We merely sought to square ourselves with Stovall and his bunch of Tampa senoritas and duennas. When it comes to red-headed hobes and Jacksonville widows we have nothing to arbitrate. Our dear girls come under the wire winners with bells on.

Its about time the proposed constitutional amendments were coming in for some consideration and discussion in the state press unless there is no good reason why they should be adopted. Past experience has shown that unless the voters of Florida perceive some need for an amendment to the constitution they are generally inclined to vote against it.

A great stir has been caused in Atlanta social circles by the marriage of the beautiful young daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family to her father's chauffeur, and it is said the bride's family will endeavor to annul the marriage. This is rather surpris-

ing in the south, where love has been held as an ideal, and where marriage based upon any other incentive has been considered as almost if not quite immoral. While in some cases parents have been known to make wise selections of life companions for their children, this has been the exception rather than the rule. Mercenary motives should not be allowed to interfere with the happiness of two young people, but social standing has come to be, in these latter years, largely a matter of dollars and cents, and our conceptions and ideals are too often influenced by the same consideration. The Atlanta couple should be left alone in the enjoyment of such measure of happiness as may come to them even without or notwithstanding the bride's money.

The Brookville Argus sounds a warning to the Florida democracy lest through apathy from over confidence the party suffer a partial defeat in the coming election. As the Argus puts it, "A sleeping army, reclining in presumed security, is always in danger."

People familiar with the most prominent newspapers of the country will be surprised to learn that the Toledo Blade, one of the staunchest republican newspapers in Ohio, has bolted and refuses to support the republican ticket.

The report has gone out that Mr. Taft's voice has failed him, but there doesn't seem to be any good reason for it. He hasn't found it necessary to strain it on account of unusually large audiences.

Mayor Sebring of Jacksonville has placed a ban on the street kitchen and hot tamale man, and the cry of "red hot" will be heard no more for ever in that town.

It was a wise provision that political campaigns should be pulled off at a season of the year when as the contest gets hotter the weather grows cooler.

With the names of thirty presidential electors on the ballots in Florida this year the average voter will need a guide-book in order to vote right.

We are surprised that Gov. Haskell should descend to undignified language to reply to Roosevelt's undignified attacks upon his character.

We wish Bryan and Roosevelt would cease their debate long enough for us to figure out the baseball pennant dope.

The board of public works evidently intend to put Jack Frost on that weed-destroying job.

When politicians fall out the public learns a whole lot about them it didn't know before.

Any horse named Judge Parker ought to be stolen.

It ought to be 23 for street car 22.

A Great London Success.  
"The Girls of Gottenberg," now being presented by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Broadway, New York, is the greatest of London musical comedy successes. It is full of good music, written by William T. Francis, general musical director of all of Mr. Frohman's plays. The New York World has secured the best song of this big production, and will give it away, words and music complete, with next Sunday's World. The number selected is a love song entitled "I Will Be Waiting for You." It is very sweet and tuneful. Order next Sunday's World today.

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extra well broken horses and mules for sale. W. R. Taylor & Co., 209 E. Garden St.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF  
OLD NEW YORK TOWN

By Glen Guernsey.

New York, Sept. 22.—Any bucolic resident of the insignificant portion of the United States lying west of the Hudson and north of Harlem, if given to occasional journeys to this source of all wisdom, will do well to arrange his next trip to the metropolis so as to be here next Saturday. Thereby he may enjoy an experience that, in the telling, will cause all of the citizens of his native town to shudder in amazed horror at his foolhardy bravery and heroic devotion to his cause of sociological research.

There will be great doings in New York next Saturday night, although practically all of the millions of people resident here may know nothing about it. The occasion will be the "harvest ball and fall reunion of 'Mother Earth's friends,' and the place the Terrace Lyceum in East Broadway. This may not sound exciting, but the visitor is likely to find it so.

"Mother Earth," it may be explained, is a magazine published by Emma Goldman, a middle-aged woman who entertains the theory that the government of man by man is tyranny. I would call her the "high priestess of anarchy," but the phrase is already a cliché. Miss Goldman and her right-hand man, Alexander Berkman, and her first assistant editor, Hippolyte Havel, will grace the ball with their presence, and the event doubtless will be the great social event of the season in East Broadway society.

If the visitor, having paid his two-bits for a ticket, expects to see only the rough, violent, unkempt anarchists of popular fiction, he will be disappointed. Even at the gathering of the revolutionary anarchists, this type is almost unknown. There will be artists and physicians and professional men in dress suits; pretty girls in ball gowns; aged women, plainly clad, with the light of a semi-insane fanaticism shining in their eyes; men and women of every age and class and nationality in this cosmopolis of anarchy. Some are sincere in their belief and look upon anarchism as a great cause to which they would sacrifice their lives, if necessary; to others the no-government theory is but a fad, an affectation, entered upon lightly and to be abandoned in the prospect of any trivial inconvenience.

"The one will probably reach the public appearance of Miss Goldman in New York for some time to come, since she has announced her intention to begin next month a lecture tour of the country, to be followed by an invasion of Australia."

Since the American fleet has been so royally welcomed by the Australians, I feel confident that I will receive no less a reception," declared Miss Goldman, in her magazine. Which goes to show that even the leader of the militant anarchists has not wholly purged her vocabulary of words expressing conventional ideas, since she hopes for a "royal" greeting in the Antipodes.

That government, sometimes unnecessarily invasive, is yet a human necessity, is nowhere more apparent than at the gatherings of anarchists. The sovereignty and independence of Miss Goldman so cordially detests, in others, is exercised by herself over her band of fanatical and dilettante followers. Denouncing the law, Miss Goldman speaks to her disciples with all the authority of a law-giver, and they obey with the servility of subjects of the most despotic sovereign. To the philosopher who studies social questions without passion or prejudice, the anarchists appear to have less liberty of initiative than the "poor dupes of individualism," and anarchism itself but a new name for a despotism in petticoats.

Ban on Silk Hats.  
A trip up the white way in the evening, when the theatre crowds are gathering, leads to the observation that New York men are growing less conventional in their observance of the dictates of fashion. Perhaps the most noteworthy evidence of this change is the absence of conventional evening dress and silk hats. The Tuxedo, with the accompanying derby headgear, is much in evidence, and has apparently displaced the more formal style of masculine evening dress. Even at the best of the men wear the high hat that a few years ago was almost universal. The silk tie is evidently headed toward the museum of ancient fossils, unless the tide should be turned in its favor.

Dealers report that their sales of silk hats have been much smaller than in former years, having been constantly decreasing for the last three years. There is still a limited demand, however, as New Yorkers have not yet reached the point of wearing a derby with full evening dress, and the derby are often seen together along Broadway and Fifth avenue, but the high silk hat is likely to remain the proper headgear for formal evening wear for many years to come.

Eva Won't Wed.  
"No Wedding Bells For Me," is the latest song in the repertoire of the inimitable vaudevillian and Salome, Miss Eva Tanguay. Some time ago it was announced that Miss Tanguay was to wed Julian Eltinge, the female impersonator and singer, time Broadway was plunged into deepest despair, lest its fair headliner should find matrimonial duties so insistent as to cause her retirement from the stage. After a considerable period of this heart-rending suspense, Miss Tanguay has definitely and finally, once and for all, announced that married life is not for her. The engagement has been broken, and the members of the prospective team are still dancing in single blessedness.

"It would interfere with my work," declares Miss Tanguay, "and so I have decided to forget this marriage business." Mr. Eltinge is saying nothing, but busily sawing wood in his own particular line, and if his heart is broken, it is not visible to the nude eye. And so, let us hope, they will live happily ever afterward.

A Pipe Dream.  
A pleasant press agent's pipe dream which has been published in nearly every newspaper in the United States, Delaware and foreign parts deals with the experience of a gentle old lady from the country who was visiting New York. According to the veracious tale, the consuming ambition of the aged woman was to dine at the Jlimdorf-Hysteria Hotel. Unfortunately she possessed only 50 cents, and that sum, while it might serve for a tip, would hardly make any great inroads on a Jlimdorf-Hysteria bill of fare.

Confiding her desires to the genial general manager of the hotel—who is always hanging about, anxious to listen to the tales of the hungry but impoverished—that worthy gentleman immediately assured her that the sum she possessed was quite adequate. So the gentle old lady from up-state was seated at the best table in the dining room, and served with everything on the menu, from soup to nuts, all for 25 cents. And she refused a tip.

Now that is a nice story, a very excellent yarn, and I am no iconoclast, that I would willingly deny that it is a veracious record of actual facts. Yet a few days ago I saw an aged woman, clad in shabby black dress, enter the corridor of a famous New York hotel and overheard her ask for something to eat. Did the solicitous clerk escort her to the dining room? Not noticeably. He threatened to call a policeman, and a bell boy escorted the aged woman, none too gently, to the street.

"That was sent out by the press agent of a big hotel that caused all the trouble," explained the clerk. "Now every old woman who comes to New York thinks she can spring a story that will get her a free feed at any of the best hotels, and we are constantly bothered by them. They are almost as bad as the hotel shoppers."

"The hotel shoppers?" I inquired, interrogatively.

"Sure," says his mbs. "Never heard of them? They are home grown products, mostly the wives of fifteen-week workers who live in Harlem and Brooklyn flats, but who drift in here with a great flourish of trumpets and announce haughtily that they wish to look at some of our 'best apartments.' They spend an hour or two sight-seeing about the hotel, and then they decide to check in, hardly up to their standard. They have an eye on a thousand-dollar apartment at the St. Vitus, but if that has been taken, they may come back. But they never do. With some women, hotel shopping is a habit, and we've got to watch them. But there is always a new crop springing up, and in the aggregate they cost a lot in the time given them by employees."

She Likes Good Things.  
Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it. These painless purifiers sold at all druggists, 25c."

## POLITICAL COMMENT.

It might be just as well to note that there is no sulking in the tent business with Judge Parker. He is out on the firing line for democracy in good shape.—Macon News.

"Republicans take a roseate view of the situation in New York nowadays," says a Gotham contemporary. It is tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, so to speak.—Washington Herald.

Prohibitionists seem to feel that they may possibly elect their ticket. Aren't they afraid the rank and file may become afflicted with that terrible political disease known as over-confidence.—Toledo Blade.

The American-made watch that is sold to English retailers for \$7.41, costs the American retailer \$10.15. The American consumer cannot own a watch without paying a tariff on it.—Portland, (Me.) Argus.

The beauty of the campaign to date is that Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Debs, Mr. Chafin and all the head pushers in their respective parties are not only "satisfied" but "extremely pleased" at the way things are shaping.—Newark News.

"The republican party makes appeal to public confidence," says Governor Hughes. The same old "confidence game," but really Gov. Hughes, who knows the rascality of his party so intimately, should be ashamed to help it "rope in" the public.—Macon Telegraph.

When the farmer learns that the American producer ships all kinds of agricultural implements to far South Africa and sells them there much cheaper than he can buy them here—then is the time for him to fall on his knees and thank heaven and the republican party for the blessings of protection, and straightway proclaim himself a Taft democrat.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

HIS FRIENDS CRITICIZE  
ROOSEVELT'S OUTBURST

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

To the followers of Mr. Taft, as distinguished from the worshippers of Mr. Roosevelt, the president's recent outburst does not seem to be altogether pleasing. The more liberal of the pro-Taft journals have been quick to see, and not slow to condemn, the impropriety of the presidential accusation against Haskell unconvinced, declaring his innocence and clamoring

to be put upon his trial. Taus the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican, eminently fair minded, though an avowed partisan of Mr. Taft in this campaign, declares that "the most extraordinary aspect of the president's statement is the acceptance of Haskell's charges against Gov. Haskell as correct in order to damage Mr. Bryan as Mr. Taft's rival." "The situation thus created," it adds, "is unprecedented, for no other president ever came forward and gave to an unproved partisan accusation the sustaining moral power of his great office." "This aspect of the case," it concludes, "must strike the best citizenship of the country as most deplorable."

The anti-Bryan New York Evening Post points out the inconsistency of the president's course. "Unless Mr. Bryan is wholly neglectful of his opportunity," declares the Post, "he will not fail to point out that if Senator Foraker had but bowed to the president's will he would have been left as undisturbed as Platt and DeLoach, Kean of New Jersey, Aldrich and Watson of Rhode Island and Cannon himself, all tried and true representatives of those great and sinister moneyed interests which have shown so the president says such hostility to the administration and now to Mr. Taft. These same moneyed interests, be it noted, freely contributed to Mr. Roosevelt's election four years ago at Mr. Roosevelt's request, through the agency of E. H. Harriman."

The Chicago Inter Ocean, an organ of conservative republicanism supporting Mr. Taft, presents the view of its own faction. Mr. Roosevelt, the Inter Ocean believes, is not helping his nominee, and it pleads for "less Roosevelt and more Taft." "It is certainly an unprecedented spectacle," declares this journal, "for a republican president desiring a republican successor, to insinuate and even assert that all republicans who did not accept of hand his chosen heir were 'bought.' That is what Mr. Roosevelt is virtually saying. Is this the way to harmony?" "Another utterance like Mr. Roosevelt's latest outburst," considers, "would be absolutely disastrous."

These expressions from newspapers favorable to Mr. Taft's candidacy, are significant. They index the opinion of a not inconsiderable section of the Taft support. Mr. Roosevelt has said both too much and too little. He has gone too far and yet not far enough. His attack upon the Oklahoma governor, impelled by blind partisanship and unsupported by proof, is deemed unworthy, a "most deplorable aspect" of the campaign. His inconsistency is strikingly shown in the fact that, while attacking a conspicuous member of the opposing party on hearsay, he refrains from reading out of his own party equally conspicuous leaders whose connection with the "great and sinister moneyed interests" has been a matter of common report these many years. Mere denunciation of the senator who confesses his relations with Standard Oil is not enough. To make good his claim of superior virtue for his party and his protegee, Mr. Roosevelt must scourge from the party ranks other "politicians of great office" whose identity is so widely known that mention of their names would be a waste of labor. The president's house has many windows of the most brittle glass. His present position is vulnerable in a dozen places. By dragging his lofty office down to the level of "pothouse politics," he has not, we think it will be found, bettered his cause or that of his candidate.

NOTE.  
All parties having bills against the City of Pensacola are hereby notified to present them on or before the afternoon of Oct. 1 at my office.

L. G. AYMAR, Clerk.  
29std.

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If your doctor says this is all right, then say it over and over again.

Headaches. Biliousness. Constipation. Ayer's Pills. Sugar-coated. Easy to take. Don't forget.	Headaches. Biliousness. Constipation. Ayer's Pills. Sugar-coated. Easy to take. Don't forget.	Headaches. Biliousness. Constipation. Ayer's Pills. Sugar-coated. Easy to take. Don't forget.
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## Attention Democrats

The Bryan-Kern Club of Escambia county has perfected permanent organization and the name of every democrat should be upon its membership list. It costs nothing to join but the presence of your name on the roll will be a valuable asset of the club for the reason that the primary object of the organization is to roll up a mammoth democratic vote in the coming election.

If you will sign the membership coupon found below and mail the same to the secretary your name will be placed on the membership list.

Hundreds of names are being added to the membership list each day. Send in your name.

Wm. C. Monroe, Secretary Bryan-Kern Club,  
Box 484, Pensacola, Fla.  
Sir: I am for Bryan and Kern. Please enroll me as a member of the Bryan-Kern Club. I shall work and vote for Bryan and Kern in the coming election.

Name .....

Precinct Number .....

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This Means an All-Water Inland Route  
Between Mobile and Pensacola, Across Baldwin Co., Ala.

AND  
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Pensacola, Sept.

Editor Pensacola Journal—Please have me enrolled as a

the Gulf Coast Inland Waterway Association.

Enclosed find \$2 for my individual membership.

(Note—If payment for dues is not enclosed above and the treasurer, G. A. Waterman, will

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N. B.—FIRMS AND CORPORATIONS, \$5 A YEAR.

NEW GROUNDS  
FOR DIVORCE

Combings of Woman's Hair  
Show Different Colors,  
Is Novel Plea.

A special from St. Louis says: The combings of a woman's hair, sometimes a brunette's, at other times a blonde's, figure in the reply Mrs. William J. Lemp makes to the cross bill filed by the millionaire brewer to her divorce petition.

The hair is mentioned in a deposition made by Salina Cory, a former Lemp servant, presented in behalf of Mrs. Lemp. It was found, says the deposition, in Mr. Lemp's home while Mrs. Lemp was away, not once, but five or six times.

According to the witness, she saw Lemp entertaining women in his home after his wife left. According to the deposition, the witness heard one woman sing "Treat Us All Alike, Baby," while others laughed. She alleges she saw a woman stouter than Mrs. Lemp at Mrs. Lemp's wash bowl washing and dressing. Glasses and bottles were there, she alleges. Once, she swears the witness, she found

a woman's cuff pin in one of the rooms. Lemp asked her about it, and when she showed it to him, he said: "I'm glad you found it; that's the one I want."

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Every Medicine Advertised in This Paper For Sale at CRYSTAL PHARMACY.

## Political Announcements.

FOR SHERIFF.  
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Escambia County, independently, in the general election to be held in November, and solicit the votes of all voters in this county.

CAPT. FRANK A. BOGHECH.  
At the request of many friends in both city and county, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Escambia County, in the general election to be held in November, and solicit the votes of all voters in this county.

C. H. JACKSON.

INDEPENDENCE PARTY  
ENROLLMENT BLANK.

Because I am opposed to boss rule, to the control of the government by corrupt, predatory corporations,  
Because I believe in the referendum and the recall, an honest and economical government administered by and for ALL the people, and in the principle of the INDEPENDENCE PARTY as enunciated in its Chicago platform,  
I hereby request to be enrolled as a sympathizer:

Name.	Street and Number.	Postoffice.

Sign the above, cut out and return to  
LOUIS P. HEAD, Secretary State Committee  
Pensacola, Fla.  
Or cut out, paste it at the top of a sheet of white paper, get all the signatures you can and above address. Literature free.

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To see the magnificent display of Fall and Winter furniture at our big display rooms on street, and you are cordially invited to call every day this week. There's the prettiest dresser ever saw, with their great big beveled mirrors, large table space and roomy drawers galore. For \$15 and \$18 we have them that will make your eyes open in astonishment. Beautiful sideboard, golden oak, piano polish finish, silver and linen drawers, roomy cupboard space, with large beveled mirror, at \$22.50 and \$25 will make a mighty fine appearance in your dining room. There's many other good things that we want you to see.

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